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Jonathan Edwards

Jonathan Edwards

ISAAC CROOK, LL. D.

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BIOGRAPHY IS THE SOUL OF HISTORY

"People who attend bonfires may get their beards scorched."—CARLYLE.

He meant biography. Alas, for his own beard at Froude's bonfire!

Small privacies there are in the greatest and purest lives, which, dragged into the sight of the world, discolor character and belittle humanity. No man should be so treated. Edwards shall not.

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INTRODUCTION

HOW CAME THIS BOOK

Whether good or not, it came as many of the best do come. Bunyan got hold of a thread, and as he pulled it came. The result was an imperishable story.

Dr. Stalker's charming "Imago Christi" came without purpose beforehand. Dr. Luther T. Townsend told the writer he had never written a book on determining to do so. Those then under discussion were "Creeds," "Lost Forever," and other such living books. Recently my congregation was powerfully re-enforced by that of a brother Presbyterian pastor. I had been giving an occasional character lecture on some saint or apostle of the modern Church. The presence of this audience made up of

the descendants of Calvin and Arminius brought out Jonathan Edwards. The address was called for soon by several Presbyterian congregations, then by Methodist bodies. After that a publisher whose wisdom and foresightedness have challenged my confidence said, "Prepare us a little volume on Jonathan Edwards." Here it is. It contains nothing unsavory to make it popular. We trust the book may not be lonesome because its subject was both good and great.

AIM

This is a short account of a great life which fell mostly within the first half of the eighteenth century.

Thousands of years ago a man whose generation consisted of only four persons, performed his duty and it is written of him, "He being dead, yet speaketh."

This is true of a few persons all along through the centuries.

Jonathan Edwards may seem a man of yesterday, but both in life and character, is a man of to-day and all the to-morrows.

THE name, Jonathan Edwards, is euphonious, but it suggests to most people a metaphysician difficult to understand, hard to answer, often absurd, whose gloomy system of thought is past, and whose life lies remote from ours.

To many others the name stands associated chiefly with that awful sermon "The sinner in the hands of an angry God." This is his worst side. We doubt if it is against him.

Grandfathers look tall and venerable to their young posterity unless the vision of those descendants be blinded by conceit.

There is more than veneration for ancestors in the persistent hold of Edwards on modern attention.

Perspective is a test of mountains and men. When Shasta or Orizaba lift above

their ranges on the horizon and seem to pursue the receding traveler, he knows they are greater than their fellows.

So men of the stature of Edwards rise above the horizon of years. There may have been born to America his equal, but who?

Washington was stately and grand in his sphere; Alexander Hamilton was greater in some qualities than Washington, though infinitely below him in morals. Jefferson was his superior in certain great qualities. Franklin was cunning and far-seeing in statecraft as well as thrifty in economics. Lincoln was unmatched in the way he filled his place as martyr and savior of the republic. In letters, Hawthorne is king. In oratory, Webster. In war, Grant. In jurisprudence, John Marshall. In theology, was it Hodge? These men stand taller than most. There may have been others equal, had occasion required. But Edwards looms aloft in his place during colonial times just preceding the Revolution, and as time passes he rises on the horizon.

FAMILY

He came of fine ancestry. On the paternal side, Timothy Edwards, his father, was a graduate of Harvard, who took two degrees the same day for superior scholarship. He was sixty years pastor at East Windsor, Conn.

The grandfather was Richard Edwards, a prosperous, pious merchant in Hartford, Conn. The great-grandfather, William Edwards, came to America in 1640 and was many years a reputable trader also in Hartford. That thrifty city is greatly debtor to the family of Edwards. Earlier in the line was a poet belonging to the court of Queen Elizabeth. Some of his poetry is yet preserved. The family descended from him. His ancestors are traced back to Wales. This strain of Cambrain blood will in part account for the combination of poetic imagination, rugged will power, and lofty religiousness of Jonathan Edwards.

The mother, Esther Stoddard, imparted to him possibly more of his talent than did his

father, great as that was. It were trite to repeat how often that occurs. She was the daughter of Rev. Dr. Stoddard, one of the most influential and dominating ministers in Western New England in his day. He retained his pastorate in Northampton for thirty-six years.

She was tall, dignified, commanding in appearance; affable and gentle in her manners, and was regarded as surpassing her husband in mental vigor. She possessed remarkable judgment and prudence. She had extensive information and thorough knowledge of the Scriptures and theology; was singularly conscientious and pious, possessed an amount of intellectual independence which no precedent or prestige could intimidate. These qualities reappear in her fifth child and only son.

POSTERITY

Jonathan Edwards not only came of a great family, but founded one. His choice of a wife was made wisely and unawares during his college years at Yale. What

fine affinities have been formed under such conditions.

Happy he who wins a diploma, a wife, and finds a Savior in college days. Edwards found the first two, having already acquired the third, and grew in knowledge of Christ.

Like many thoughtful young men of his times, he kept a journal. Introspection may be overdone, but is oftener underdone. Of this quality his journal was full. It was also sentimental. So should youth and its record be.

There is a passage in his journal descriptive of her who afterwards became his wife. This sly tribute to her character challenged the admiration of Chalmers for its elegance and purity. She was then but thirteen and he twenty years of age. It is quite ethereal and heavenly-minded. Such is often the case with youthful piety and sentimentality. It is none the worse of that. "She has a strange sweetness in her mind, a singular purity in her affections. You could not persuade her to do anything wrong or sin-

ful if you would give her all the world, lest she should offend that great Being." And much more of the same sort.

When Edwards was settled at Northampton as assistant to his grandfather, he was about twenty-four years of age. Immediately he sought in marriage the hand of her whom he had thus described. It was so insistent on his part and so willing on hers that he obtained that great gift of the Lord, a good helpmeet.

Her ancestry was distinguished in colonial annals and also before that in England. She was descended on the mother's side from the Rev. Thomas Hooker. Her own father, Thomas Pierpont, an eminent divine, was once professor of moral philosophy in Yale.

She was endowed with rare beauty of form and feature, which was retained through all her mature life. There was a mystical tendency in her piety. She found a shorter way to the joy of religion than did her husband. She was gifted with rare tact and talent, which was shown in the train-

ing of her family, her economical management, and in the administration of the ministerial manse, requiring a skill as marked as that which leads an army or organizes great commercial combinations.

In the days of stress and trial that came upon the household afterwards, she proved far better than the wife of the patriarch Job, whom we may suppose to have been absorbed in the comforts of wealth and prosperity, just as many women of affluence and fashion now are. She doubtless belonged to the four hundred, but was not ready when the storm broke, and among the bitter complaints of her husband is one, "My breath is strange to my wife." Mrs. Edwards, in the parsonage, was spared such trials. Certain elders are reported to have said in another case to their minister, "You manage to keep humble and we will see that you are poor."

From that heaven-made union came three sons and eight daughters, seventy-five grand-children, and a posterity that has already amounted to fourteen hundred.

It was said in a later day, the population of the United States is made up of so many millions of whites, so many of blacks, and the Beecher family. Not that it was so numerous, but Lyman and Roxanna Beecher did contribute a brilliant and distinguished galaxy of sons and daughters to the Republic.

The Edwardses form a larger tribe of sturdier worth.

It seems monstrous that the blood of Jonathan Edwards should, in a single instance, have turned into a libertine and murderer in the veins of Aaron Burr; a warning reminder that while faith may be transmitted, the kingdom of heaven does not flow through the arteries.

The presidents of Princeton lie in a separate burying-ground. At the feet of Presidents Burr and Edwards, father and grandfather, lie the dishonored remains of Aaron Burr. The small monument has become badly marred by the chipping of relic hunters. It is a melancholy warning to all students at Princeton and everywhere.

Over against this solitary case, Winship has set that of the Jukes family. One loafer has let loose upon the country a posterity of twelve hundred paupers, tramps, imbeciles, and criminals. That one family has spent, in the aggregate, twenty-three hundred years in the poorhouse.

Though it stands forever true, "Ye must be born again," the power of heredity is also true and shows how desirable it is that families of the Edwards type become fashionable again in the upper ranks, rather than that the Jukes tribe should spread over the land. It goes hard with the doctrine of the survival of the fittest when we behold such contrasts.

EDUCATION

This began many generations before he was born. There have been prenatal forces at work on us all in the long past. Hence the tremendous and awful responsibility of the parental relation. Is not part of the lessening parenthood of the cultured, however unjustifiable, due to a perception of this

truth? Or is there some tendency in eagles and lions to small posterity? It was not so with the Edwardses.

His development continued in the parsonage under his gifted and cultured father and mother. At the end of seven years he was under deep religious concern. Before he was ten he led boy companions to erect a booth in the swamp for the purpose of prayer and religious conversation. At twelve he was grappling with the problem of materialism, which he ridiculed. He also wrote an essay on the works of a spider. He knew Greek, Latin, and Hebrew before entering Yale College at the age of thirteen. At fourteen he was voraciously devouring Locke on the Human Understanding. He graduated at sixteen. He taught and took graduate work in Yale, was pastor of a Presbyterian Church in New York for eight months. Thence he returned to his Alma Mater, engaged in further study, and acted as one of the tutors. At twenty-four he became associated with his grandfather as co-pastor at Northampton. After spending

twenty-three years in that place, he was dismissed from his pulpit, and after eight months' delay, was called to a small church in Stockbridge, where much of his work was expended upon a fragment of the lingering Indian tribe. Thence he was called to the presidency of Nassau Hall, afterward Princeton College, and after thirty-four days died of small-pox, in the prime of life, at the age of fifty-five.

WHERE

His growth took place amid the scenes of the Connecticut River Valley. Go to Northampton now, and looking southward, one catches a glimpse of Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke through the haze. The Connecticut River Railroad disturbs the quiet of the valley. The fine river is spanned by a bridge of over one thousand feet. Thriving factories add wealth and contentment to nearly fifteen thousand people glad to garnish the sepulcher of this prophet whom they drove out one hundred and fifty years ago. There are nine

churches and a collegiate institute in the city.

Northampton was a semi-socialistic or a "decreed" town at the start, after the manner of Lincoln, Neb., and Greeley, Colo., in later years. In the days of young Edwards the valley was clad with forests and undisturbed by the rush of modern life.

It has been prolific soil for men and women of lofty stature. Along its course of four hundred and fifty miles between the White and the Green Mountains, from the Canada border down to Long Island Sound, there have sprung up Dartmouth, Amherst, Holyoke, Wesleyan, and Yale Colleges. But among all the forest of human growth in these nurseries of manhood, none have ever loomed aloft as Jonathan Edwards.

The forest was his study as well as the college. Into it he led his boy comrades for prayer. Thither in maturity, he guided his horse, dismounting at times for contemplation of nature, meditation, and prayer. There on one occasion he had such a vision of that Savior who himself was

wont to go apart and tarry all night, that Edwards tells us he wept aloud for over an hour. There, on another occasion, was he in communion with the sublime Ruler of the universe until he was moved to long and ecstatic weeping. Only weak men weep easily. Great souls require profound causes.

LOCAL

Foreign travel, with all its advantages, is not a necessity to the development of such great men. His only sojourn out of the Connecticut Valley, aside from five weeks at Princeton, where he died, lasted but eight months. It was by the Hudson at New York, then a comparatively small town. A Presbyterian Church there invited Edwards to its pulpit expressly to defend Calvinism. They wished to retain him, but he felt impelled to return to Yale for further study—wise example for young men of our day. The church occupied stood on Wall Street. It was afterward carefully taken down, the stones were removed to

Jersey City, and stands in its original form, still used for religious worship.

During his stay by the Hudson, he took long walks up the river for reflection and Divine communion, and wrote among other things this: "The heaven I desire is one of holiness, to be with God and spend my eternity in Divine love and holy communion with Christ. I had many sweet hours with him there."

Whoever may be deprived of foreign travel may console himself because of its failure often to develop the globe-trotter. As a quaint old poet said:

> "It oft has been my lot to mark
> The proud, conceited traveled spark,
> And if a word you chance to drop,
> The traveled fool your mouth will stop."

It is said Kant never traveled beyond the near province of his home, but was wise enough to draw upon all travelers for what they had found in their journeys. Carlyle was once, for a very short time, out of his country, across the Irish Channel;

but had he not perspective? How much of a traveler was Elijah? The man of Nazareth was but once across the border during his mature life.

Those who must stay at home have the globe at their feet and the heaven above, the two greatest sights afforded by travel. Edwards got acquainted with them and moved a wide world on both sides of the ocean from Northampton and Stockbridge.

Before leaving the scenes of his childhood and youth, note a glimpse or two behind the scenes.

What a home was that in which he grew! The boy was well sistered, but not spoiled by the whole ten of them. His own eleven, three sons and eight daughters, were polite as royalty. When their parents entered the room the children rose and remained standing until father and mother were seated. This with a grace, ease, and naturalness far superior to the irreverent boorishness which regards the fifth commandment as an infringement on the rights of young America.

In an important sense the boy is his own father. That lad of eight years, going to prayer five times a day, and when a youth of nineteen writing resolutions for self-government, until at last they ran up to seventy, was creating character. Here are some samples:

"Resolved to do whatever I think to be most to God's glory and my own good, profit, and pleasure in the whole of my existence.

"Resolved to do whatever I think to be my duty for the good and advantage of mankind in general.

"Resolved to live with all my might while I do live."

In this long code of seventy rules of conduct, there is a powerful tendency to legality and morbid introspection. But let the scrawny, rambling sapling, smitten with premature dry rot, sneer at the stalwart, storm-defying oak. So let the shambling, smoking, tippling devotee of low literature and loose habits sneer at this iron youth of Puritanical growth.

WHEN

A man's times have much to do with him and he in turn with them. His character and fate are acted upon by contemporaneous men and events. He, if gifted with dominating personality, in some measure decides their fate.

The English rulers over the American Colonies during the life of Edwards were the weak and vacillating Queen Anne, George the First, followed by George the Second, whose courts were still reeking with much of the corruption that had defiled the reign of Charles the Second. Already England was driving out her best faith and blood to America.

This country needed such men as Edwards to stand like some Teneriffe amid the dashing currents of political, moral, and religious tides that swirled about him.

In 1753 while Edwards was preaching and writing in the swamp town of Stockbridge, the Ohio Company was formed. The French were projecting a line of forts

from Lake Erie to the Ohio River as a barrier, behind which to monopolize the West.

A young Virginian, twenty-two years of age, went to the French commissioner and demanded free passage beyond that line of forts in the name of Virginia and the English government. His name was George Washington. The next year he returned, fought the French and surrendered at Fort Necessity, July 4, 1754. This disaster united the American Colonies for the first time. The next year came Braddock's defeat, where Pittsburg now stands. In November, 1758, England captured Fort Duquesne, and the Ohio River passed forever from under French dominion. Daniel Boone passed through the Alleghanies to the "dark and bloody ground" only ten years later, while the mighty future empire, known as the Northwest Territory, was left mainly to the savages for over twenty years longer.

In the midst of all this movement, Jona-

than Edwards stood in Northampton, at Stockbridge, and called thence to Princeton, he died in March, 1758, eight months before the capture of Fort Duquesne and the passing of the Ohio River Valley under Saxon dominion.

In the intellectual world he was contemporary with Cotton Mather and Benjamin Franklin, two of the best literary lights of his day.

In England, John Wesley and Bishop Butler were the men nearest the stature of Edwards, the American.

That was a great trinity entering the Saxon world when the awakenings under Edwards, the revival under Wesley, and the "Analogy of Religion" of Butler made their advent.

Some of the greater intellects in Europe were Malebranche, Leibnitz, and Berkeley. Edwards was their intellectual peer on this side of the Atlantic, but dependent upon none of them.

BLUE LAWS

Jonathan Edwards fell heir to these mythical, but much-vaunted traditions. They were largely, if not wholly, fictitious.

They have not yet been found. Judge Smith says, in the "New York Historical Collections," Volume IV: "The author had the curiosity to resort to them when the commissioners met at New Haven in 1767. A parchment-covered book was handed him as the only volume in the office passing under this odd title. So far as the common idea of the Blue Laws being a collection of rules from being true, that they are only records of convictions, consonant in the judgment of magistrates to the Word of God and the dictates of reason."

The late A. R. Spofford, congressional librarian, was a man likely to find trace of such famous laws, especially in preparing his cyclopedia.

He says: "Blue Laws, a name for certain laws said to have been made in the early government of New Haven, Conn.,

anent breaches of manners and morality, but most of which probably never existed."

If, as is conjectured, the tradition of such laws originated farther back in the foul moral atmosphere, hovering about the court of Charles the Second as a slur on those who loved clean living and followed the Puritans to America, then the brighter the blue, the better for the world.

The Blue Stocking woman never existed. Stillingfleet's presence was deemed necessary to the literary pleasure of meetings which drew certain intellectual women to the club of which he was the center. He wore blue stockings, and the name, by transfer, was applied to the women who were drawn to such meetings as clustered around him.

Parallel, but different in tone, was the ideal known as "Peter Parley," with his lame foot and crutch, surrounded with eager children listening to his stories. It was always a grievous disenchantment to meet the real Peter Parley in the splendid figure of S. G. Goodrich.

The modern cry against Blue Laws in support of Sabbath desecration and saloons, with their attendant moral laxity, arises most generally amid clouds of smoke, much bluer than any old traditional laws, while the noses of men who send forth the cry are almost as blue as the smoke, whence this falsehood issues.

Pure blue is Divine. The robe of the high priest was glorified by this as one of its triple colors. It is the same as the color on one of the foundation walls in the heavenly Jerusalem. It is the color of the pavement of the apocalyptic throne.

And since the universe of God is, and must be, forever under law, we may well crave whatever existed of the much-derided Blue Laws, as they developed into the majestic nature of the Edwardses.

A PAIR OF THEM

It will help to bring out the life and character of our subject to run a parallel between him and the other great religious leader of that century, John Wesley.

1st. John and Jonathan were born the same year—the Englishman in the rectory at Epworth, an obscure town in England. Jonathan at East Windsor in the Connecticut Valley in a manse.

An enrollment of the most illustrious and best of mankind would show the parsonage to be a good nesting-place for humanity.

2d. Both were well born. John's father, Samuel Wesley, was a probable descendant of the Wellingtons, himself poetical, queer, and a little difficult for his wife to manage. However, with her nineteen children, acting as mother and teacher, and afterwards counselor to her most distinguished son at places where his destiny and that of Methodism was being settled, and by getting three of her sons through the university and many of her daughters up into a level of high culture and literary refinement, she proved herself one of the remarkable women of the world.

Jonathan, as we have seen, was equally well born.

3d. They were not equally well married.

We can not estimate how much Edwards would have suffered had it not been for Sarah Pierpont—name even yet suggestive of great talent for economics and combinations. With wifely jealousy and solicitude she looked after the standing and influence of her brave, unsuspecting husband. On one occasion, in his absence, the pulpit was supplied by Rev. Mr. Buell. Apprehensive lest the favor with which he was being received might discount her husband, she confesses that she had to pray mightily to be pleased with his success, but admits that she obtained grace to desire God's blessing upon the preacher.

Her devoutness of spirit was the farthest removed from Puritanical coldness. She said of herself: "I had a constant, clear, and lively sense of the heavenly sweetness of Christ's excellent and transcendent love; of his nearness to me and my dearness to him." Though in perfect health, sometimes she fainted away and lost strength under overwhelming religious impressions. At times she leaped with joy and exultation.

In contrast with such experiences, what moonshine is the "sweetness and light" of a modern, distinguished literary lecturer!

Thus she has been prepared for the day of disaster, and when, with large family and no income, the household went to an Indian mission at Stockbridge, and even there the tongue of slander pursued this noblest son of New England, Mrs. Edwards and her refined and talented daughters engaged in such devices as the making of fans to be sold to help eke out a living. Those fans still send a cooling breeze over the people of Northampton to keep them in mind of the outrageous conduct of their forefathers. John Wesley might have been happily married had he followed his heart and head, but family officiousness interfered and prevented a union between him and Grace Murray, every way congenial and efficient as colaborer.

We can but think the great man was weak in yielding to Charles, his brother, Whitefield, and others, and may have deserved some of the penalty of reported hair-

pulling received from the woman he did marry, and who went away never to be recalled.

It is still a query, and will remain so, whether a happy marriage and a beautiful home might not have interfered with the wide travel, great industry, and almost superhuman labors of the founder of Methodism.

4th. Both John and Jonathan were naturalists of the first order. Had they pursued their early tendencies for the exploration of nature, they could have rivaled Audubon and Humboldt.

5th. Both were metaphysicians, potentially of the first rank; equal to a Spinoza or an Immanuel Kant. Edwards floundered in much darkness because of his system, while Wesley escaped into a freer philosophy.

6th. Both came into the Divine life after a long and painful search. Jonathan at the age of five was in secret prayer at least five times a day and was unawares a Methodist long before the Englishman. He was

Methodistic when he led the lads into the booth for prayer. Most boys would have preferred frog-sticking. Was he not a Methodist in writing seventy rules to govern personal conduct? Before he was seventeen years old he describes in glowing and charming language a "sweet burning of heart."

John sought through long sorrowful years for light. He was a masterful instructor in Oxford, associated already with the Holy Club; came to America to convert the Indians; weary of heart went to the Aldersgate Street Meeting, and there, eighteen years after Jonathan's "sweet burning of heart," is able to declare, "my heart was strangely warmed."

7th. Both taught the witness of the Spirit as the privilege of all believers—Wesley sooner than Edwards, and with more direct appeal to Scripture authority, as corroborated by experience; Edwards in more speculative and philosophical style in such utterances as, "His Spirit is equally united to the faculties of their souls." He also

appeals to Scripture in such quotations as, "Not they but Christ lives in them."

8th. Both were great revivalists. The Englishman was anticipated by the American. He was true and large hearted enough to acknowledge this.

Walking from London to Oxford, Wesley read of the great awakening in America. He records in his journal, "This is marvelous in our eyes," and hopes that England may not lag behind in the path of grace.

9th. Both were disciplinarians. In the Methodist Discipline is this statement: "In the latter end of the year 1739 eight or ten persons who appeared to be deeply convinced of sin and earnestly groaning for redemption, came to Mr. Wesley in London."

Then follows the General Rules constituting a brief synopsis of Christian conduct both negative and positive. Every rule is a condensation of Bible teaching, forming a code which can never be improved upon nor abated.

It is almost startling to find Jonathan

Edwards at Northampton calling the people together after the great awakening and presenting a similar set of rules for religious living, to be signed by the converts, and these rules are almost identical with those found in the Methodist Discipline. Wesley did not copy from Edwards, nor could Edwards from Wesley.

10th. Both were in their tendencies High Churchmen. Wesley never intended to leave the Church of England, though her pulpits shut him out. Edwards was so jealous of Puritan ecclesiasticism that he could scarcely tolerate lay preaching at all, and at last broke with his people for their loose views on the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

11th. In speculative theology they stood apart. Wesley was an Arminian, but so moderated in his views as to create a new type, almost cousin to evangelical Calvinism.

Edwards as an *a priori* philosopher was a Calvinistic Fatalist; but as saints and soul winners, this Arminian and Calvinist grasped hands.

12th. Both were hospitable toward the truth. Each showed his honesty and greatness by revising his views and moving forward in his opinions, illustrating the fact that wise men change, fools never.

13th. Both were masterly organizers. Herein is one reason for the perpetuity of Wesley's work as in contrast to that of Whitefield. In war or statecraft Wesley was equal to an Alexander or a Wolsey.

Edwards exerted his power over Congregationalism while confined to a remote provincial town. This requires greatness.

14th. Both endured apostolic persecution. Wesley was compelled to stand upon his father's tombstone in order to preach at Epworth; was excluded from the pulpits of his own Church; mobbed, pursued, stoned, and egged by the vilest of men, incited often by ordained clergymen.

Jonathan was reviled, banished, and pursued, as we shall more particularly describe.

15th. Both were great preachers. Wesley's sermons were clear, comprehensive, convincing, and though preaching daily and

often several times a day, his sermons are a classic worthy of study.

Jonathan was peerless in this country. No man has yet appeared with his power to alarm and move men.

16th. Personally they were unlike. Wesley was frail in youth, small of stature, never weighing one hundred and twenty-five pounds. His head was fine, features striking, with the nose of a commander. He retained his vigor and endured superhuman labors forty years after the death of Edwards.

Edwards was healthy in his youth, slender, over six feet tall, with refined features, somewhat oval in shape, with a lofty brow, dark, luminous eyes, which seemed in the pulpit to be looking beyond the people, using almost no gestures, and yet compelling men on one occasion to seize the church pillars as if to hold them out of hell and fairly drove them to flee from the wrath to come. On one occasion a brother minister sitting in the pulpit plucked the gown of Edwards and cried, "Is not God merciful?"

If Wesley reached America from his multitudinous chapels and open air preaching, Edwards reached far-away Scotland where Wesley had been able to effect but little.

17th. Both wore gowns in the pulpit and were exceedingly tidy and particular in their dress. Wesley wore a wig, and the only poor pictures of Edwards look as though he did.

18th. Both came in times of great religious declension. In England the state of religion was illustrated by hunting, gambling, and drunkenness, even among the clergy, while the people were besotted.

In America the Puritan had lost much of his purity and sublime reverence for God. It was said of many elders in the Church that they "would yield neither a p'int of doctrine nor a pint of rum." Quarreling, fighting, drunkenness, licentiousness, and general debauchery were rife, paving the way for French infidelity and the moral wreck of young America. The shrewdness and secular philosophy of Franklin, the al-

most unparalleled political skill of Alexander Hamilton, the Constitution written by Jefferson, the stately grandeur of George Washington, could never have saved this country from a fate like that of the French Revolution. So John and Jonathan came in time to be God's ministers to the two nations now directing the world's destiny.

In this, our time, the gospel of civilization and salvation in the East is no longer under the banner of the elephant, the crescent, and the dragon, but the double cross and the Stars and Stripes whisper back and forth in all the skies, "Peace on earth, good will to men," because this pair of men came to the English-speaking world at the same time.

METAPHYSICIAN

When the name of Jonathan Edwards is spoken, our impression is that he was above all a metaphysician. Metaphysics implies immense difficulty and often great confusion. It is said that a Scotchman belonging to that masterful metaphysical race of

thinkers, undertook to define metaphysics. "It is twa men talking; one does na ken what the other means, neither does he ken what he means himself."

Not irreverently may we apply that to much of what Edwards has left in his writings. The same may be attributed to most of the long list of the knights of logomachy. When one has been subjected to the din of the conflict his situation is not inaptly described by the lines,

> "The centipede was happy quite
> Until the toad for fun
> Said, 'Pray, sir, which leg comes after which?'
> Which wrought his mind to such a pitch
> He lay distracted in a ditch,
> Considering how to run."

This, however, is the lesser side of the case.

The discipline of metaphysical study not only develops great intellectual power, but trains men for practical life. It was almost impossible to escape from Jonathan Edwards in his pursuit of human motives. This he displayed in his masterful preaching

as well as in his collision with the people who dismissed and excluded him from the pulpits of Northampton.

When in Stockbridge he confronted the rascality of Indian agents who systematically wronged the wards of the nation, and bitterly resented the interference of Edwards. But he hunted them down with a relentlessness that finally drove them from the field of conflict.

Without his metaphysical training he could not have been such a master of methods and motives. He was a great moral detective.

It is always true that the average college-bred man, with the all-round discipline of his intellectual power, enters the race of life at great advantage, no matter what sphere he enters.

We know of no quality of intellectual greatness not possessed by Edwards.

It is doubtful if he was even deficient in humor or its lesser sister, wit. We do not associate this quality with men of his rank, devoted to such serious work as befell him.

Who would have suspected Lincoln of his irresistible humor by looking at his sad face while measuring his tremendous responsibilities? Who thinks of the humor of John Wesley or St. Paul? Both possessed it in a rare degree. There is a tradition that Edwards was asked whether he enjoyed the witness of the Spirit—more probably the questioner used the expression "full assurance of faith."—Edwards replied, "Yes, when the east wind is not blowing." The humorous force of the reply is best understood by residents of the north Atlantic Coast.

A great metaphysician is composed of a diversity of those gifts necessary to deal with and apply abstract subjects. In these Edwards was highly endowed.

LOGICIAN

He was potentially another Aristotle. Like that great master, he was often carried away by that unmanageable runaway, the syllogism. What violence has been done

to truth by this headstrong servant of reason!

Edwards was relentless and fairly fierce in argument. Friend and foe alike went down before him. So, often, did humanity, and also any consistent thinkable divinity. In this Edwards often worsted himself. He came from his battles defensive and offensive for what he called freedom of the will, wounded and bleeding in his feelings.

It is of doubtful advantage, in our day, to pursue him through it all. Thousands of pages are not worth the paper on which his disputations are written.

If at all advisable for any to read them over, he might do so as astronomers investigate the theories of Ptolemy in order to note by what steps the giants of the race have led the way.

PSYCHOLOGY

In this he was also highly endowed. The science lags behind those dealing with matter. It is not so sure-footed and much slower in its progress.

To-day there is a muddle of psychophysics; in its name much confusion and hurt has befallen our schools.

In early youth Edwards encountered this and wrote against materialism. He was then in advance of his times.

Under the wise editorial direction of Commissioner Harris, over sixty volumes have recently been brought to the aid of the teachers of the nation. Among them all, the work of Professor Baldwin, of Princeton University, is one of the sanest, clearest, and safest. He is philosophically, as well as locally, a worthy successor of President Edwards.

In the psychology of Edwards was found the chief cause for his unhappy confusion of thought, which helped to drive him on to his fatalism. After the manner of his time, he failed to discriminate between the sensibilities and the will. Hence will, as he conceived it, was subjected to extraneous influences and determined from without. It was charged up with what did not belong to it, but to the emotions. In his concept,

will is lacking in singleness, freedom, and vigor. It is not causal.

This confusion interferes with the testimony of consciousness, that fundamental, final witness in the cause of freedom. Every man knows he is free and has the power of choice and there is an end of it.

Upon that fact is based all human responsibility. Upon it is founded civil government and especially the judicial department of it. Here rests the righteousness of Divine government. To this conscious freedom God makes his appeal, and it was when in harmony with this Edwards the mighty preacher swept men before him into the kingdom of God.

His *a priori* method was also his own enemy. Though Lord Bacon had broken from that mode of argument one hundred years before, Edwards clung to it in his metaphysical theology.

When preaching, he often broke away from it for practical purposes. While this pre-Baconian system held on, it compelled the God of Edwards to know through all

eternity the unknowable contingency. That is equal to compelling one to know a non-entity as equivalent to something, and to recognize zero as equal to some positive quantity.

As surely as confusion must arise by blending mind and matter, so must it come by confounding sensibility and will. Add to that reasoning from theory to fact, and we are sure to bring confusion confounded.

Edwards was, during the greater part of his active life, a child of the Old Testament, though advancing into the broader, clearer light of the New. He reminds us of the reasoning of Job and his friends. Like the latter, he made wide excursions into the untrodden realms of the Divine order. He drew inferences true in theory but false in application. But he rose above the plane of Job's friends into the loftier one of the patriarch himself, whom he greatly resembled in his unbendable integrity. But like Job, he found mystery and confusion enveloping himself and all existence.

These apparently contradictory conditions

made any theodicy impossible. Like Job, however, he laid his hand upon his mouth and repented in dust and ashes. Some time before his death he was emerging from the sphere of Job into that of John. This is a way with many great Calvinists.

DOCTRINAIRE

He was a Calvinistic Fatalist, but not strictly a copyist. Augustine was able to blunder along in that wide field of error alone. John Calvin was a follower but not an imitator. Edwards was a third able to walk alone. No man fought a more vigorous battle for the truth and error of that view of God and humanity.

Of the views of the Arminians he could have appealed to God in the language of the Psalm, "Do I not hate them with a perfect hatred?" He was Arminius-mad and sought occasion to smite his system.

When a century later Daniel D. Whedon scented the tracks of Calvinism, he was in a quiver for battle in magazine and com-

mentary. So Edwards saw in Arminian doctrine the red rag.

Does it smack of presumption to venture the opinion that neither of these intellectual giants understood the views of the other or quite understood himself? When men confer rather than dispute, they make this discovery. We fancy that in the clear light where we know as we are known, these great men walk the golden streets arm in arm.

Ordinarily the great masters are tentative in theoretical science, physical or mental. Usually the smaller followers are certain, dogmatic, and combative.

No sphere of human thought has displayed this fact more clearly than the controversy between Calvinistic and Arminian theology. While the former, being more severe and exclusive, has had the hardest time with human consciousness and the love of God manifested in the gift of his Son, it is often driven to exclaim, "Who art thou that repliest against God?" The latter has found it necessary to modify its views

of Divine sovereignty in order to avoid antinomianism.

In his deeper, better self, Edwards was tentative and tolerant of unwelcome truth; holding himself ready to advance into new fields. His intolerance was displayed only in a logical battle where, as intellectual fencer, he was dangerous and deadly. In that way he greatly wasted his strength. Let most of his contention go into forgetfulness and rest under his tombstone, like the memory of his duelist grandson, whose ashes sleep by his feet.

DOUBLE

As we have seen, there are two Edwardses. In a lesser way, all men are double. This was magnified in this great soul. As metaphysician, logician, and philosopher, he evolved a Divine government absurd, fanciful, horrible, intolerable. In the light of that speculative theology, Edwards came to be named as "the babe-damning monster." His God was no better, than Brahm, Vishnu, or Nirvana, if as good.

While young he speculated his way through that *a priori* method into a view of Deity whereby he announced that space is God. Later he thought he discovered that will is God. Hence, of course, God is will. Later he announced that essence or being is God. As a sequence, the greater the amount of essence, the greater the authority and reverence due. Can it be that he did not discover, as a sequel, that if Satan outmeasures man in essence he is entitled to command, "Bow down and worship me?" Would it be irreverent to say that this view of God is equivalent to the doctrine that might makes right, turning our Heavenly Father into a monstrous universal bully? Edwards must have forgotten in all this, "Who by searching can find out God?"

MYSTIC

On this side of his being we shall find the better Edwards. There are two kinds of mysticism; that which floats in vapors of the imagination and fills life with fogs of variegated color to abide a little and float

away forever. Edwards was not this kind of mystic.

There is that which opens Godwards. Without capability of the former type, this latter might not be. The Wesleys with their haunted rectory at Epworth were able to escape into the witness of the Spirit and the revival of the nineteenth century.

The capability of such superstitions as the Salem witchcraft, haunting ghosts, and modern spiritualism, with all its deceiving prodigy, if rightly utilized, would lead to harmony with angels and God. It was the sympathetic son of thunder and of consolation that prepared John for the apocalypse.

Edwards the boy seer, gazing into the heavens overlooking the Connecticut Valley, looking into its flowers and forests with rapt vision, studying the marvels of the spider-web and the bands of Orion, writing rules for self-government, ethereal and sentimental, whose "sweet burning of heart" and weeping for joy by the hour, this man was brother to St. Bernard, Fénelon, and Fletcher, who dwell in a larger world.

When studying him thus, one is tempted to rhapsody and indiscriminate praise. It seems unthinkable that such a spirit could weave a system of metaphysics, logically involving the Almighty as the author of the sin of Adam and the crime of Judas, while turning his own beautiful little ones into vipers, fit only for hell.

Regarded in his double character, he reminds one of some mighty monster of the deep, enmeshed in a net of unbreakable steel wire. Struggle as he may, he can not free himself. He is wearied and hurt by the effort, which causes the seas to boil around him.

ECCLESIASTIC

Ecclesiasticism is but a choice of Church government. Of this there are four stages.

In Rome the pope is head and source of authority. In the English establishment and similar Churches the bishop. In the Presbyterial Church the elders rule. In the Congregational, the people.

None of these exist in pure form, each

involving something of those above and below. It is an unsettled question with Protestants which is nearest God, and therefore, uppermost. All claim the divine order; each appropriates the declaration, "All things are yours; ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

Each has, at times, run into intolerance. The most democratic often, after fighting its own battles for liberty to think and act for itself, has later on fought as vigorously to make others think and act in the same way. Of the Pilgrims it was declared, "They sought a faith's pure shrine; freedom to worship God." Later on, Roger Williams found it necessary to betake himself to Rhode Island for freedom to worship God. After serving his day, an apple-tree, it is said, grew on his grave, sending its roots through his skeleton. Upon it there were apples which people ate, and until the question, "Who ate Roger Williams?" is answered, Puritan persecution will not be forgotten.

As an ecclesiastic, though High Church

in type, Edwards was indifferent toward denominationalism, and was far from being sectarian.

He began his ministry as a Presbyterian. After his expulsion from Northampton he was invited to consider the pastorate of a Presbyterian Church in Scotland. Among other things in his reply he says, "The Presbyterian way has ever appeared to me more agreeable to the Word of God and the reason and nature of things."

He became, by constraint of his religious opinions, the father of New England Congregationalism.

The Unitarian wing of that form of Church government was a theological rather than a denominational reaction. It well-nigh swept away all Boston and much of New England.

One of the most significant concessions to evangelical aggressive Christianity is seen in the fact that now, after the lapse of about a century, that branch of congregationalism is making overtures for a reunion.

This shows that the literary elegance, pulpit oratory, and ethical religion, so charming in Channing and others, is lacking in the power of conquest. Hampered as it was by his awful philosophical theology, the Edwards type was far better as a savor of life unto life.

How he came to be the father of Congregationalism may be seen when we remember that the Puritan forefathers were never quite free from the theory of union between Church and State. Hence civil privileges depended, in some important features, upon Church membership. To secure this, unregenerate men were admitted to the Church and its sacraments. Dr. Stoddard, grandfather and co-pastor with Edwards, became the earnest and successful advocate of this half-way covenant; so that the Church was being loaded down and encumbered with a membership largely irreligious and even immoral.

This resulted in such loose manners as to corrupt the young people. As a vigilant

pastor Edwards discovered the circulation of vile literature and the practice of viler habits in his congregation.

Whether wisely or not—we are too far from the times to judge—he began the great battle of his life by striking at this evil,—an evil which, in our times, calls loudly for a thousand men such as was he. When the time came, by agreement with his elders, for the exposure by name of the guilty ones, the evil was found to have so ramified the Church that his counselors called a halt; they, possibly, fearing that plucking up the tares might destroy the wheat, but more probably the motive was family loyalty and moral cowardice.

In confronting this evil Edwards was led to attack the more serious one of admitting unregenerate persons to the communion. Here was the old sacramentarian conflict over again. It was this abuse which Paul attacked in the Church at Corinth, among those who "discerned not the Lord's body;" which underlay Luther's attack on the sale of indulgences by Tetzel. This was in

vogue among the dissipating clergymen of the English establishment whom Wesley confronted. It is ever obtruding into the Church and needs great vigilance as well as charity in our day. Edwards was a sacramentarian; not a transubstantiation nor a consubstantiation teacher.

The elements of the communion were signs of the grace of God received by faith. Rome, in her mission work, has added to her numbers thousands and hundreds of thousands of baptized heathen. It was to arrest this in New England that Jonathan Edwards made his great struggle and met, for the time, with disastrous defeat. The movement itself began with Christian generosity and was especially favored by Dr. Stoddard for the kindliest of motives, but it was broken by the sacrifice of Edwards. In striking at this abuse of the sacrament he also gave the blow which completely severed the last connection between Church and State.

Thereafter each congregation assumed the right of self-government with only ad-

visory assemblies. Hence New England Congregationalism.

The story of his dismissal is humiliating and painful. He proposed to make his position clear in a series of sixteen discourses. They refused to hear, just as the Jews long before had shut their ears. He wrote a book for circulation expounding the case. This met with an evil reception. A council of ministers was called and voted for his dismissal by a majority of one. His Church ratified it by two hundred to twenty votes. Public sentiment was so perverted that all the pulpits in the city were, by a town meeting, shut against him. In mature life, with a family of ten children, without income and no open door, he was cast upon charity tendered him from Scotland for subsistence. He, like the Master he served, was crucified by the instigation of his own people whom he had served for twenty-three years. But in all the storm the man rose greater than the metaphysician and minister.

After waiting less than a year he was invited to the remote swamp town of Stock-

bridge, abundant in fever and ague. The congregation was made up of a few whites, but mostly Indians. Even there persecution pursued him and attempted to prevent the call.

Never before did the character of his talented and refined wife and daughters shine out more brilliantly than when by their handiwork they helped largely to support the family.

It seemed a monstrous waste of talent and learning to have this man attempting to preach to a congregation of mostly Indians through an interpreter; but Bunyan could not be buried in Bedford Jail, nor Edwards hid in the wilderness around Stockbridge. It was there his most renowned work, "The Freedom of the Will," was written, and from that obscure hiding-place the brainiest section of the race, the Scotch, were finding him out. After serving an apprenticeship of eight years, he was called to the presidency of Princeton College, in the light of whose distinguished history his life went out.

PREACHER

Edwards is known more widely by his sermon, "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," than any other. It was preached at Enfield. There is a tradition that some people had been all night in prayer before the morning when the sermon was delivered with such alarming effect. It is a "sovereignty" sermon, but so wide in its scope as to include Calvary and mercy. It is well worth careful reading. It is a glacier of logic, and drives relentlessly down upon human indifference purposely to compel men to flee for mercy, as multitudes did. It is also highly metaphoric and its figures of speech are heated like those of the prophets of old time. Once cooled, they seemed exceeding hard and void of tenderness. Such is the sword of the Spirit used to cut away false hopes. When studied in the light of his purpose to save men, the prophetic metaphors and denunciations of the preacher seem not so severe, especially when we recall the condition of his hearers needing glacier and volcano.

The style was very direct. He does not say "men," but "you." He preached less to the sinner than to the Church. The use of dynamite is terrific and cruel, but it may all aim at fertility and beauty.

To read the sermon through as now printed, thirty minutes is sufficient. Yet one is weary with the exertion to grasp, analyze, discriminate, and realize both its demerits and its far greater worth. It is not a model for our day but a warning to return from our pulpit platitudes, pettiness, and smartness. To break the grasp of commercialism and frivolousness in our time needs Edwards at Enfield revised, but with no less directness and fatality of aim. It is no time for sneering, but repentance.

Henry Ward Beecher was the Shakespeare of the pulpit during his prime. Though contemporary with Canon Liddon, the best preacher then of the English Church; Spurgeon, peerless among the Baptists; Joseph Parker and Bishop Simpson in this country, in some respects Beecher had no peer, but many a man was better and more useful. When he was lecturing to the theological

students of Yale, he was asked during the quiz about Edwards. He may not have been fairly reported, but it is said he replied, "The doom of wickedness is dreadful enough without the hideous materialism and horrible buffoonery of justice which then prevailed."

When all the latitudinarianism, humanitarianism, and rhetorical fascination for which Beecher set the pace, shall show a thousandth part of the fruitful efficiency of such preaching as "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," till then we might better allow our sneers to turn to lines of sorrow and tears of penitence over the lack of power to snatch souls from the burning.

Jesus was the kindest preacher that ever spake to men, but he was the most exacting. Gather all the anathemas of prophet and apostle from the Old and New Testament; they fall far below the terrific denunciations of sin that fell from the lips of Jesus. His words search through the soul after sins of the heart and seal the doom of the sinner with most fearful threats. He who said

"blessed, mercy, peace, love," most often, also pronounced "woe, woe, woe, torment, worm, fire unquenchable, depart, burning."

Judged by this standard, Edwards was a far kinder preacher than those who prophesy smooth things.

There is a fallacy in pronouncing some men greater preachers than others, for no two excel in the same way.

The mention of several great preachers may serve to bring this out. The American pulpit has furnished many great lights. The Beechers have made the Congregational pulpit illustrious. Such as Storrs and Patton have shown the strength of the Presbyterian. Talmage reached the largest audience of any man of his time. In Unitarianism, Channing had been far grander but for the limitation he put upon the nature of Christ. Methodism had her Russel Bigelow, who was to the Western Church what Henry Clay was to the stump. John P. Durbin was a veritable Chrysostom. Matthew Simpson was marvelously magnetic. Edward Thomson was more intellectual.

Randolph Foster was great in every quality making up the preacher. Edwards had no equal in his time, if in ours.

Like all great preachers of evangelical Christianity, he held his hearers to the three essentials: repentance, regeneration, righteousness. Without all three no preaching from the days of the apostles to the end of time can be successful.

Dr. Harris, superintendent of Japanese missions on the Pacific Coast and Honolulu, says in substance, "Converted Japanese have three Scriptures in large letters in their chapels.

"1st. 'All have sinned and come short.' The newcomer is held by his Christian countryman to that truth persistently till he is convinced of sin. Next is a Scripture motto:

"2d. 'Christ died for all.' The unconverted is held to that till it is accepted.

"3d. Is the Scripture truth, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.'"

This is their method, and the success sur-

passes proportionately that of the American Churches on the Pacific Coast.

One of the most noted living ministers in New York and in this country had for ten years devoted Sunday evening discourses to critical discussions, attempting to satisfy the intellect.

He says: "I am having large congregations and am making people that come to hear me thinkers, but I am not making them Christians."

He has entirely changed his style to affirmations, statements of felt wants and fervent presentation of gospel remedies. He has fallen at last into the way of Edwards, Wesley, Paul, and Peter.

It is worthy of special emphasis that this great man was a revivalist. This metaphysician, matchless in his day; this student, almost a recluse, was the revivalist of his century on this side of the ocean.

No love of learning and literature, no amount of intellectuality may prevent a man from a revival ministry.

On the other hand, what a rebuke John

Wesley, logician, Greek scholar, and fellow of Oxford, together with Jonathan Edwards, present to the flippant, often coarse, circus-like performance supposed to be necessary to affect a modern revival.

Let the clown depart from the pulpit. Even now he is disappearing from that strange movement, the Salvation Army, a movement possibly made necessary by formalism in the Churches.

But for the great awakenings led by Jonathan Edwards, anticipating the Wesleyan revival, with all the curious excitements and strange phenomena repudiated by both leaders, without these revivals this Republic must have gone the way of the French Revolution, as it perilously escaped doing.

PASTOR

Preceding the day of Edwards there were long pastorates. His was shorter by forty years than that of his father at East Windsor; shorter than that of his grandfather, with whom he was associated, by thirty-six

years. The pulpit then was the throne of intellectual power. True, there was peril lest it stamp a congregation with fixedness of type so as to prevent the enterprise of its lay membership.

That New England minister who wanted to be buried with his feet westward, so that in the resurrection morning he might face his congregation as they arose facing the east, illustrates the faithfulness of many a man settled for life in those days.

There is all too much restlessness now in the relation of pulpit and pew, both in itinerating Churches and those with a settled pastorate.

Edwards exerted his pastoral function largely by way of his study. He might not have been the great thinker, author, or preacher that he was had he plodded around as do so many moderns. Much so-called pastoral visiting is but a concession to personal vanity, the compliment of attention, while the pastoral watch-care might be unwelcome. It is but the nursing and rearing of a babyish Church membership; the time

being often wasted in trivial gossip, even to discussing the peculiarities or foibles of a predecessor.

Ministers there are, remembered on account of jocularity and good stories. Tom Corwin, that wizard of stump oratory, lamented at the last that he would be remembered chiefly as a man who made the people laugh. Are there not clergymen preparing for that lament? Others who will be remembered by achievements at the dinner table. Some whose talent consisted mainly in hand-shaking; some as handy with a rifle and fishing-rod or as good roadsters.

To ministers with these lower accomplishments men sometimes turn, though they often hinder. Paul exhorts us to covet earnestly the best gifts.

By a judicious use of his study, Edwards discovered the direct avenue to the heart of his visitors, while he found time for other work. Happy that minister who is able to make his study the most attractive place of all besides the church itself.

The need of this may be seen by the position we have reached in this century. Long ago society was under the dominion of Cæsarism. That was followed by the control of knighthood. Then came the age of militarism. After that the papal dominion. Then in this land for a century Puritanism was in control. The pastor was chief in religious, intellectual, and civic life. Then the press arose as a competitor for the power of control. Now commerce is in the saddle. It is the ally and patron of science, and the helper of religion in its world-wide work, but there is a conflict as to which shall dominate, mammon or Christ.

If the rising tide of immorality in the first half of the eighteenth century needed the sturdy strength of an Edwards, the mammonism of our twentieth century needs ten thousand of them to save the world.

PENTECOST

Pentecost or perish. The Church of New England was invaded by hair-splitting and often head-splitting. Edwards mentions

"the devious ways of the young, in spite of ministers and magistrates, night walking, impure language, and lewd songs." "Habits of drinking, tavern-haunting, profanity, and extravagance." Here came the "Great Awakening" in 1734-35. He says: "Who would have thought that in so little time so great a change would have come?" He speaks of "seriousness, attention to duty, a powerful invisible influence, the reform of notoriously vicious persons. The wealthy, fashionable, gay, great beaux and fine ladies relinquishing their vanities, reading books of piety; religious observance of the Lord's-day, confession of faults, reconciliations, and restitution—more done in two years than in thirty before." This was answered by the Wesleyan revival soon after. Such tidal waves have marked the history of the Church and saved her life.

Seasons when men in the university, in the slums, and in the forest alike have cried out, "Sirs, what must we do to be saved?" These only have been able to arrest atheistic, scientific, and philosophic Godlessness, for-

tified by mammonism and the lusts of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Thousands of Church people "neither fear God nor regard man." Swift tides bear the Church onto the rocks. Over against these there are certain tendencies prophetic of another Pentecost.

There is greater Church co-operation, a deepening conviction of the need of Divine help, a breaking away from old usages, all looking toward a world-wide revival.

Many men occupying the highest outlooks from Zion's walls are convinced that it is approaching, and not far off.

As always before, it will have its surprises, breaking forth in strange places and with phenomena such as men could not forecast. They will exclaim, "We never saw it on this wise." "The first shall be last, and the last first." It behooves all the Churches, and especially any who may be self-confident, to be on the watch lest our Lord have cause again to lament, "If thou hadst known the things that belong to thy peace, but now they are hid from thine

eyes." "Who shall abide the day of his coming? He is like a refiner's fire." "Ye have robbed God. Bring all the tithes. I will pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough." "Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, young men shall see visions, and your old men dream dreams. I will pour out my Spirit."

THE HALL OF FAME

Yonder on the Hudson at New York University, along with twenty-nine others, there is a tablet to Edwards in the Hall of Fame. They were put there by the suffrages of ninety-seven votes out of the one hundred suffragists. Edwards received eighty-one votes, placing him twelfth in the list. Here are a few reasons given the author for placing him there.

"Very eminent as a theologian and metaphysician. Most of his opinions and doctrines are no longer received as true." How considerate to tell us so!

Another: "I regard him as the most

eminent metaphysician America has produced."

Another: "The greatest religious thinker, metaphysician, and logician the country has produced."

Had he been measured by intuitional power, logical acumen, lofty imagination, saintliness of nature, as well as services to mankind, would he not have stood above the entire twenty-nine and have received one hundred votes?

The likeness on that tablet is perhaps the best extant, but how expressionless and masklike, after the study of his superb gifts. So the face of Washington has little in it to interest young America. The likeness of Webster appears gloomy as if already overshadowed by the coming disruption of the Republic. Indeed, they are for the most part a gloomy lot of faces presented in that Hall of Fame, but Edwards looks the most owlish of them all.

Here is a task for the artist. There is also another for the novelist. While there is

copious bibliography, no one competent has yet been found to put Edwards and his times into romance. But let us hope. These are the times for the psychological novel. There are living writers, especially women, who excel in such writing.

No one seems to have had the call to this task for Edwards and his times. Two qualities are necessary to its achievement. One is emancipation from the fatalism in which the great soul of Edwards floundered. For a long time this dwelt in the realm of theology. It has moved out, at this late day, into materialistic science, falsely so called, but distinctly into fiction. Fatalism in fiction is widely prevalent. The heroes of many of the greatest living novel writers are bound hand and foot and set adrift on the tide of fate with no eye to pity and no arm to save.

The other great qualification would be acquaintance with the lofty spiritual realm where Edwards mostly dwelt. This requires one of kindred spirit in order to approach and report. The author of such

a story must be able to climb Tabor tops and visit Patmos isles. With that region of life, that other world, Edwards was familiar and it was becoming more and more his dwelling-place.

It has been prophesied in literary circles that the golden era of literature is in the near future, but that is only possible when it can accomplish the task presented by the era lying between 1703 and 1758, including this greatest American of that time.

RESTITUTION

"The mills of God grind slowly,
But they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting,
With exactness grinds he all."

During the banishment of the family, a pathetic trifle may illustrate how reduced were the revenues of the household. In writing his great works, Edwards often used for stationery backs of letters, scraps of notes from the congregation, strips from the margin of a newspaper, scraps in the form

of a half-moon intermingled with patterns of caps and other housewifery.

But he seemed never to have weakened, repined, or lost his sense of personal dignity. A member of his Northampton Church, Major Hawley, conspicuous name in Connecticut, wrote an apology for the manner of Edwards's treatment, deeply bewailing his part in it, and was willing for its publication, so far recanting the wrong done. Edwards assured him of forgiveness without condoning the evil done. He may well have quoted,

> "The toad beneath the harrow knows
> Exactly where each tooth point goes;
> The butterfly upon the road
> Preaches contentment to that toad."

It reminds us of how Florence looks back upon the burning of Savonarola, unveiling a tablet on the spot of her crime five centuries afterwards.

In Oxford Common, on a tall monument, one reads the names of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer. This world has been wont to crucify its saviors.

Paul in prison at Cæsarea sent out many of his mightiest epistles, as Bunyan in Bedford Jail started not only one pilgrim, but millions on their way to Paradise.

The most noted work, at least, of Edwards was sent out from Stockbridge. Of this work, Dugald Stewart, moral philosopher of Edinburgh University, author, lecturer, and massive Scotchman, said, "The argument on the freedom of the will had not been and could not be answered." That was forty years or more after the death of Edwards. Fortunately the prophecy has failed.

The keen, clear, intellectual Dr. Whedon, in his work on the will, has answerd Edwards overwhelmingly.

Bledsoe, in his small book, "Theodicy," cut across the river of Edwards's fatalism like a clear mountain torrent and completely broke its force. Professor William G. Williams, that genius for Greek scholarship, while not formally replying to Edwards's argument, has plowed up the ground under it completely in his work on the Epistle to the Romans.

In his masterly treatise on "Divine Foreknowledge," and its sequel, "Divine Nescience," the fatalism of Edwards has been again overthrown by the enthusiastic, scholarly, clear-headed, saintly man, Lorenzo Dow McCabe.

The late General Assembly of the great Presbyterian Church which Edwards served for eight months in New York, to which he had been especially called to defend Calvinism, that Church has, by its argument, attitude, and utterances, overthrown Edwardean Calvinism.

REACTION

This was, in the nature of things, inevitable. There were great excesses in connection with the Edwardean revivals. These he discussed philosophically, discriminatingly, and not without sympathy, just as did his great fellow-revivalist, John Wesley. The excitements were violent; in many cases unsettling reason and leading to suicide, that developed into a semi-contagious madness. It was from this, in large measure, the Uni-

tarian reaction sprang up, more even than from Trinitarian doctrines. In fact, the Christ of Channing is a far more Divine being than is the Jesus of some orthodox pulpits.

A party came into existence of whom it is written: "They avoided all solicitation concerning their own spiritual condition or that of others. They were repugnant to the revival spirit. Must have a system of doctrine which could contain nothing to alarm their fears or disturb repose. The necessity of atonement, special influences of the Holy Spirit, were all thought to be alarming doctrines. Men were suffered to forget that the Son of God and the Spirit have anything to do with man's salvation."

This devitalized religion, attempting to preach an ethical gospel, has reaped a harvest of inefficiency which Channing himself lived to deplore, and from which Bronson Alcott, at the last, broke. A letter was published as written by him after an interview with Joseph Cook, which we have never seen contradicted. He says, "I fol-

lowed Channing off into Unitarianism, but never found one crumb of comfort in all that cloudland."

There have been reactionary tendencies within New England theology itself. Edwards was self-contradictory in attempting to reconcile human responsibility with election. His gifted son Jonathan, Drs. Hopkins, Bellamy, Emmons, Dwight, Taylor, and Park have been modifying that hard system of doctrine until New England theology began, within the last half-century, to limp badly.

In the eighteenth century the Methodists fought Calvinism openly and powerfully. It was a large staple of their preaching, very sharp, often bitter, but its design was to break the intolerable yoke of fate and set the people free for faith.

These were excluded and ostracised as far as possible from New England. Whitefield had been the welcome co-laborer of Edwards, he being a Calvinist. Finally, in 1790, Jesse Lee appeared on Boston Com-

mon where he preached to three thousand people. By that time Edwards had been in heaven over thirty years. The discussions all through the country ran to excess, sometimes degenerated into acrimonious debate and ridicule.

This may be illustrated by a quotation attributed to Lorenzo Dow, who became a free lance from the year 1798 on.

He itinerated on both sides of the Atlantic. His name was cherished as a namesake for many a boy among the better Methodist families. His rhyme, if he composed it, ran thus:

"You can and you can't
You will and you won't;
You shall and you shan't;
You'll be damned if you do,
And be damned if you don't."

The mellowing of New England theology further took place from within. Horace Bushnell may illustrate the change better than any other. He was born about one hundred years after Edwards died. He ex-

erted his influence more by intuitional talent and broad catholicity of spirit than by argument.

He was heir to both Arminianism and Calvinism. The faith of his boyhood was largely formed by the influence and instruction of his grandmother. His academic life surrounded him with the influences of fatalistic Calvinism. He began reading omnivorously and, as he confesses without intending it, read himself away from all religious faith. In this condition he became a tutor at Yale College.

Happily at that time came one of those great religious revivals for which that institution of learning has occasionally been noted. Bushnell felt, as such noble natures do, the embarrassment of standing as an obstruction between the young men over whom he had special charge and the forces of the revival. His own example distressed him. Alone in his room his self-catechism began; frank, honest, and decisive.

"Is there anything I do believe? No, I

can not say there is. Yes, there is one thing of which I am sure; I believe there is a difference between right and wrong. If there is a God he must be found on the side of right. Have I committed myself to the right? Not as men call right, but as right is in truth. No, I have not. Here then will I begin and cast my life out on that side."

He was at once on his knees in prayer, and as he said, "It was a very dark prayer for honesty's sake. I had not risen from my knees until I was sure there is a God."

In later life he compared his apprehension of God to the intervention of a dozen ensphering walls. "One by one they are being removed till now I can almost hear God just outside."

At the age of seventy-four, Bushnell entered into the wider liberty of the great beyond, while in this world, people of all forms of Christian faith have been glad to acknowledge his inspiring influence as he led away into light, life, and liberty.

SELF-DENIAL

Elation at being called from his eight years' banishment to the presidency of Nassau Hall, now Princeton University, would have been justifiable in Edwards. With him it was not so. In adversity the grandeur of his nature only rose to meet the storm. In prosperity he was self-distrustful and given to exaggerated self-depreciation.

In his reply to the invitation of the trustees, he said: "My constitution is an unhappy one. I am troubled by a low tide of spirits often occasioning a kind of childish weakness and contemptibleness of speech and behavior, with disagreeable dullness, much unfitting me for conversation, but more especially for the government of a college."

He admits deficiency in some branches of learning, as in higher mathematics and in Greek classics, nor would he willingly spend his time in teaching languages, unless it be Hebrew.

A Church council decided to approve the

action of the trustees and favored his going, which so contravened his views of his fitness and his lingering fondness for his studies and literary work that he broke into tears.

In this diffidence and self-depreciation there is a striking resemblance between him and George Washington, who never accepted a place of responsibility willingly.

Do we imagine him unfit by temperament or talent for the college presidency? It may be that he had overdrawn his vitality by intense thought and too much physical retirement.

A college president must be four men in one. It requires a full man to deal with a body of students. Another one to direct a Faculty of learned men. A third to deal with trustees, often the hardest problem of all, and a fourth to influence the patrons. Then a fifth must be added to control the finances of most institutions of learning.

The position was less complicated when Princeton was yet called Nassau Hall.

Edwards was a fine teacher. While at Yale he was called a "pillar tutor." Dr.

Stiles said he was "the glory of the college." Had he lived he would have doubtless developed into that order of college presidents to which belonged Wilbur Fisk, Edward Thomson, and Mark Hopkins. May their kind not perish from the land!

In these more commercial times, college presidents are often required to be solicitors general and student drummer.

There are still a few who are great scholars and eminent educators, as well as financiers. The wonder is how they can be both. As things are they must become a diminishing race.

SMALL-POX

It seems a shocking thing that such as Edwards should die of inoculation for small-pox. Vaccination is humiliating enough, but that was when physicians would bleed for many a disease, and even soldiers wounded in battle were so treated; when men were cured by rubbing diseased members of the body with a "thunderbolt found at the root of trees struck by lightning."

The head of St. Paul was cut off with an ax or cutlass, and tradition says Peter was crucified with his head downward. There seems no humiliation possible since the Savior of the world was crucified.

The disappointing feature of his death is that it seems to be premature. His sun went down at high noon, just at the gateway of a new and greater career; when ready to add to his fourteen hundred natural descendants, collegiate children by the ten thousand, and when he was personally emerging from the gloomy shadows of his thought world and religious faith into the sunshine of the glorious gospel by way of his studies and teachings concerning the Trinity, the Son of God, and the mission of the Holy Spirit.

Whether his departure was certainly premature we can only surmise. It is a part of the astounding mystery of Divine Providence which permits this world to be deprived of so many lives after great preparation on the verge of their apparent usefulness or in the midst of their achievements.

Other great lights have gone out soon as set on high. Kirke White's singing ended in youth; Mozart died at thirty-five; Raphael at thirty-seven; Addison at forty-seven; Dante at fifty-six; Shakespeare at fifty-two; Macaulay at fifty-nine; Alexander Hamilton at forty-seven; Lincoln at fifty-six; Dickens, Spurgeon, and Phillips Brooks at fifty-eight; Jonathan Edwards at fifty-five.

THE COMING EDWARDS

Before he died, he contemplated writing a history of redemption, and his trend was steadily away from fatalism to freedom, from law to grace. As has been the case with many another dogmatic writer, he grew more tender, showing that the path of the just shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

The hard, dreary work of speculative theology is mostly past. That may have been profitable somewhat, as was the glacial period of the earth's surface. It was cold, cruel work, but is forever past, and to us

is left the smooth plains and fertile valleys. Edwards was the greatest glacier of his times.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

This is ample and awaits some masterly editor to bring out the real Edwards. Among his essays are such as "Distinguishing Marks or Phenomena of the Revival," "Thoughts on the Revival," "The Religious Affections," "On Virtue," "Original Sin" (very able and learned, but proving in the last analysis that God was the intentional author of sin).

Most of his published discourses were along the line of grace, and show him in a much kindlier light than such as have made him most known. Perhaps his greatest intellectual achievement, arresting most attention and challenging most debate, was his work on "The Freedom of the Will."

Many distinguished authors have written him up in part—historians like Bancroft and Fisher; preachers and philosophers such as Chalmers and Channing; authors like Porter, Hodge, and Allen; writers such as

Jonathan Edwards, Jr., Dr. Dwight, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Calvin E. Stowe; essayists like Parton, Winship, and Trumbull.

Gossart came from Scotland more than one hundred years after Edwards died to bring to light the unpublished writings of Edwards on the Trinity, grace, and love.

Bushnell called for the discourse on the Trinity, but without avail. Oliver Wendell Holmes made a plea for its appearance. Dr. Stowe mentioned it as among the manuscripts of Edwards.

The mention of these writings, known and unpublished, indicate the resources from which to portray the real and greater Edwards.

Froude compelled the modern world to look upon Julius Cæsar in a new light, far less hateful and cruel than men had regarded him. A like work is being accomplished by the series of American statesmen who can be better understood because of the distance in time and the impartiality with which they are portrayed.

When shall the biographer of Jonathan Edwards appear, adequate to the portrayal of his character? Already we are prepared to bid Edwards the disputant, the severe and subtle, the advocate of fatalism, farewell finally and forever; while we hail the man, loftier as time passes, worthy to be ranked with saints and martyrs, and to be forever associated with Him from whose presence the shadows flee away forever.

It is discouraging for ordinary mortals to look up to such as he and feel the contrast of their own littleness.

So would it be true of the laurel, the pine, and the manzanita in contrast with the Sequoia of the Sierras, with its mighty girth, and its head bathed in the upper blue, the growth of three thousand years. They seem so dwarfed. But on the mountain-height where the giant stands, and under the same heavens where he bathes his head drinking in the sunbeams, there also God's little ones dwell, reminding us of the Lord's care of "the least of these my brethren."

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